Malcolm Works His Way

By JANE OSBORN

"Oh, snakes!" said Tom Higgens, with resigned disgust, glancing at the leaves of a little black notebook that he had just taken from his coat pocket.

Malcolm Gimson, sprawled out on a hammock on the wide veranda of the Alpha Beta house, looked up with some interest.

"What's biting you, Higg?" is the way he showed his sympathy.

"Two engagements for the same time. You see, I've got to pay my own expenses this year. Dad's sailing close to the wind. So I got next to the student help committee and, hang it all, I somehow promised to see two people at the same time this afternoon about some work. There's a lady willing to give me board and lodging and a little money for what I can do mornings and evenings. You see, I can't board at the frat house here. I can't afford it. Then there's a job with one of the sight-seeing bus companies. You know, to go along and spiel through the megaphone two or three times a week. Somehow I arranged to see them both at four this afternoon. Snakes!"

Malcolm sat up, stretched and yawned. "I'll look into one of the jobs. There's no nourishment sitting around here, and I haven't anything to do till after my first class tomorrow morning."

"Well, suppose you go see the lady. Just size up the job. If this sightseeing job falls through I might be glad to take it." Again Tom consulted his little noteboook. "It's a lady named Mrs. Gregory Ginner, 80 Park lane. I'll do something decent for you some day, maybe."

At four promptly that September afternoon Malcolm Gimson appeared at the front door of the house of Gregory Ginner in Park lane. Emma Ginner opened the door and smiled and blushed a little, showing that, in spite of herself, she was a good deal interested in students, even when they were, or were supposed to be, of the "self-help" variety. Emma ushered Malcolm into the family living room, as being more appropriate than the front drawing room, and went to "tell mamma." Malcolm watched the slender figure eagerly as it withdrew down the hall. Mentally he made a note that here was the girl he wanted to take to his junior ball. He had always rather inclined toward spirited brunettes, but his preference suddenly swerved over to the rather shy blonde type.

Mrs. Ginner soon appeared, an unaffected, motherly sort of woman. She explained that since the boys were away and Mr. Ginner was so much taken up with business, they wanted to have a young man in the family to look after the furnace nights and morning, to take care of the walks and lock up nights when Mr. Ginner was away. They kept one maid, and there were little things around the house that the boys used to do before they went away. He could have a room on the third floor that one of the boys had had. Mrs. Ginner was sure he'd be comfortable. He was just the sort of boy she'd like, reminded her of one of her own sons—

Malcolm was about to say that he was looking up the position for a friend, but he was interrupted by Emma.

"But he doesn't look a bit like Fred," she said. "Fred has light hair and blue eyes and your eyes are brown, aren't they?" she said, turning to Malcolm.

Malcolm grinned and said they were.

"Well, goodness, but your eyes are sharp," said Mrs. Ginner, laughing, to her daughter. "I hadn't had time to notice what color his eyes really were—all I mean is that he is the sort of boy that our boys are—Mr.—" she looked up to Malcolm. "What did you say your name was?"

"Malcolm Gimson," he said, "but—"

"Mr. Gimson," she smiled, "but I suppose we'll all be calling you Malcolm before long."

She quickly said something about the rate of payment for extra work, but Malcolm did not heed this. He was so intent on watching little Emma, who seemed lovelier every time he looked at her.

"Now, I guess everything is agreed on," Mrs. Ginner was saying. "You can send your trunk and things tomorrow morning. The room is ready. I am sure we'll get along well. Mr. Ginner has no end of admiration for a boy that is plucky enough to work his own way through college."

Mr. Ginner, thought Malcolm Gimson—why, yes, that was the fat father of the incomparable Emma, his own father-in-law some day. And he admired boys who worked their way through college; perhaps he would be more inclined to accept him as a son-in-law if he did work for himself instead of taking the allowance that came so regularly and so freely from his Uncle Roger.

"All right," said Malcolm, rising and making for the door. "I'll be here tomorrow."

Tom was waiting in the lounge of the fraternity house for his friend. "No housework jobs for me," he said joyfully. "And I'll make enough on this sight-seeing job to be able to live at the frat house. It was fine of you to look up that other job. If I'd gone I would have missed out on this, so you see you sort of saved my life. What sort of time did you have? I suppose you can just phone the folks that something else has turned up."

"No," said Malcolm, "I'm going to take the job myself, if you don't want it."

"You take a job?" shouted Tom. "You, the richest fellow in the frat, with a trust fund of goodness knows how much and no folks at home to tell how to spend it—"

"Oh, of course I have a little money. But still there are hitches sometimes. Well, the fact is, I have my own particular reason for wanting to earn my own way this winter."

So in a day or two it was bruited about through the fraternity and finally all about the campus that Malcolm Gimson had lost his money but was taking it like a brick and not saying how it happened. Meantime he moved away from the frat house, went back only for the weekly meetings and was looked upon as a "darned good sport," to be willing to take a housework job rather than chuck college entirely.

Meantime Malcolm Gimson fell more deeply and deeply in love. He decided that the time to tell the charming Emma of his sentiment was at the junior ball. By Christmas he had asked her if she would go to the ball with him and was infinitely relieved when she accepted, with the entire approval of her mother.

Then came a telegram from Malcolm's uncle and guardian, Roger Smith, who had apparently decided to travel five hundred miles to visit his nephew. It was disturbing and Malcolm did not conceal from the Ginner family that he was disturbed.

"I'm asking an enormous favor," he said to Mrs. Ginner. "He'll be here only a day—while he is here would you mind letting me pretend that I am boarding here, not working? I'll explain it all sometime." Mrs. Ginner agreed, but later was puzzled over the request. If the uncle believed that the boy were not working then it must be that he had enough money sent him to make it unnecessary; if he had the money, what did he do with it? Perhaps he had lost money gambling or something, and was working to pay a debt of honor. It was too much for the easy-going Mrs. Ginner. So she kindly asked Malcolm to invite the uncle to a family dinner at which every one, including Mr. Ginner himself, would be primed to treat Malcolm like a paying boarder.

But something very unexpected happened at dinner that night. Mr. Ginner recognized in Roger Smith his very dear, old college friend.

"If I'd known that my nephew was boarding with the family of my old friend, how happy I should have been."

"You certainly ought to have been congratulated on having a nephew willingly work his way through college even when he has no money," said Mr. Ginner.

"Works his way!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, and then there had to be explanations. Mr. Ginner had forgotten for a moment the instructions of his wife.

Then all eyes turned on poor, embarrassed Malcolm.

"Well, now the cat's out of the bag," laughed the uncle, "why don't you tell us why you did it?"

Malcolm looked very intently at Emma and Emma blushed.

"Because," said Malcolm, looking first straight into the eyes of Mr. Ginner and then at his uncle, "because the first time I came on an errand for a friend of mine, I decided that I wanted to—to—take Emma Ginner to the junior ball—"

"Wanted to take her to the junior ball!" mocked the uncle good naturedly. "Why don't you be frank and say you decided you wanted to marry her?"

There was a little startled cry from Emma and a gasp from Mr. Ginner. "That is what I might have said, sir," said Malcolm very solemnly. Then there was an awkward silence and then dinner progressed and every one was very merry.

That evening a little later Malcolm went on his accustomed trip to the cellar to tend fires and, Emma following his whispered injunctions, went with him. Standing in the coal bin together they plighted their troth, and five minutes later back in the family living room craved their families' blessings.

"The Death Wave."

That the ninth wave of the ocean is more powerful and overwhelming than the preceding eight, is a superstition which existed in Ovid's time (before the birth of Jesus Christ). Today the fishermen of England speak of this wave as the "death wave." Others claim that the tenth wave is most to be feared. In Scotland they believed a distempered cow could be cured by being washed in nine surfs, while the fishermen of Iceland say that there are three great waves which follow in succession, in which it is highly dangerous to launch boats. A legend of St. Patrick says the waves are caused by serpents which the saint inclosed in a box when he cast them out of Ireland. The mystic numbers 3, 9 and 10 seem to have been generally used in connection with the explanation of things among the ancients which were not easily understood.

How the Aphis Breeds.

The amazing fecundity of the hop aphis is reported by the Smithsonian institution. The mother aphis produces 13 generations in a year. As each generation contains on an average of one hundred individuals, it is revealed that her progeny—barring destruction from the attacks of enemies and other natural causes—will number well into ten sextillion aphids annually.

Germany's Industrial Beehive

Electric Welding in Essen.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Once more the Ruhr valley, Germany's beehive of industry, has come to the fore in world interest, with the suggestion that France may seize this region to force the payment of reparations.

Merely as a river, this Ruhr, barely 150 miles long, is not important. Down the Rhine, below where Caesar bridged it at Andernach, below where Yankee doughboys now wash their shirts in its green flood and British Tommies play at soccer above the bones of bishops, the small crooked stream flows in from the east. But it flows through and lends its name to a tiny region not equaled anywhere for intensity of industry and potential political importance.

Viewed in the light of events since the war, it seems safe to predict that the course of life in Europe for the next generation may depend on what is happening now along this short, crooked, but busy stream.

The Ruhr, as this famous region is commonly called, is not a political subdivision of Germany; it is merely an industrial district, smaller in area than Rhode Island, but crowded with mines and factories from end to end and settled, in spots, with 1,800 people to the square mile.

Tiny as it is, a mere speck on the map, it produces in normal times over 100,000,000 tons of coal a year; it mines much of the iron ore its many mills consume, and the steel wares of Solingen have been famous since the Middle ages.

From Essen there is trundled out, month after month, a parade of finished engines, cars, and farm implements, to say nothing of tools, shafting, ship-frames, bridge steel, and plates, that compete in the markets of the world from Java to Jerusalem.

One German writer, with characteristic racial precision, figures out that the volume of raw and finished products handled in the Ruhr every working day would load a train of cars 30 miles long!

What the Ruhr Is Like.

To grasp quickly just what the Ruhr would look like if painted in on a map, take your pencil and draw a horseshoe-shaped figure, starting northeast from Duisburg, on the Rhine; then curve east and southeast, so that Dortmund stands at the toe of the shoe; thence south at Hagen, southwest to Barmen, and thence straight on to strike the Rhine again at a point north of Cologne.

Then think of the Pennsylvania coal fields packed into this tiny area; pour in the combined populations of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland and St. Louis. Then take a flock of the biggest American steel mills and railroad shops you can think of and set them down along the Ruhr. Fill in the remaining smaller gaps with paper, silk and cotton mills, glass factories, tanneries, dye, chemical and salt works. Now put every man, woman and child from the cities named hard at work digging coal, firing boilers, running lathes or rolling steel rails, and you will get a graphic, accurate mental picture of what this roaring, rushing Ruhr really is.

Geographically, the Ruhr district lies chiefly in the province of Westphalia, bounded on the west by the Rhine. A small section of its area, however, including the city of Essen, flows over into the Rhine province. Physically, it forms a part of the great sandy plain of northwest Germany, merging with what geologists call the "Gulf of Cologne." Its climate is mildly oceanic, with the heaviest rainfall in July.

Plunging suddenly into this teeming industrial field on the train ride from Cologne to Berlin, and passing through Dusseldorf, where 150 trains a day puff in and out, you are amazed at the solid procession of busy towns, at the almost endless forest of chimneys, and the pall of somber smoke that hangs over the flat, unattractive country.

In this small but highly mineralized region, where men have dug coal for 600 years, over 400 concerns now operate mines or hold concessions for their exploitation. And the Ruhr industrial region is even larger than the mining area, for it overflows to the southwest and includes the famous factory towns of Barmen, Elberfeld and Solingen.

Essen's Sudden Rise.

"Boom" towns of mushroom growth are not peculiar to America, as the startling rise of Essen proves. Though founded away back in the Ninth century, it slumbered along for hundreds of years, an obscure, unimportant hamlet. Even as late as 1850 it had hardly more than 10,000 people. Then the Krupp boom—the rise of the greatest machine shop the world has ever seen—struck it, and today the city houses half a million.

Set in the heart of the coal fields, crowded with endless industrial plants whose tall chimneys belch eternal smoke and fumes, the great workshop fairly throbs with power and energy. The roar and rattle of ceaseless wheels and the din of giant hammers pounding on metal seem to keep the whole town atremble.

Here every form of iron and steel article is made, from boys' skates to giant marine engine shafts. Curiously enough, even some of the smoke, or the fumes from the smokestacks, is caught and converted into a gas that furnishes more power to run the mills!

More than a hundred years ago the first Krupp set up his small, crude shop and began to make by hand the tools, the drills and chisels, used by tanners, blacksmiths and carpenters along the Ruhr and the Rhine. He also made dies for use in the mint of the government. Within 30 years, due to the old ambition for expansion, Krupp tools were known and used as far away as Greece and India.

Then came the great era of mass production in steam engines, hammers, steel tires for railway cars, cast-steel shafts for river and ocean steamers, and finally that astonishing output of guns and armor plate which brought the militaristic nations of the world to buy at Essen.

The daily roar of artillery at the proving grounds, where each new gun was tested, added to the din of whistles, rushing trains, and rattling gears, made pre-war Ruhr probably the noisiest place on earth. It is noisy enough now, but the great guns are silent; Krupp makes them no more. The big lathes that once made guns for every nation, from Chile to China, now turn out shafting for marine and other engines. Box cars for Belgium, car wheels for South America, and whole tram-line systems for the Dutch East Indies were some of the orders being filled a few months ago.

Everybody Is a Worker.

This Ruhr is pre-eminently the habitat of labor. Everybody works, and nearly everybody works with his hands. An army of chemists, engineers and technical men is employed, of course; but they form merely a small element of the grimy, dusty, sweaty population that keeps the coal moving, the furnaces roaring, and the big lathes turning.

The population, variously estimated at from three and one-half to four millions, is not easy to determine, because thousands come and go as the tide of trade rises and falls; and nowhere is the world-wide house shortage more keenly felt than in this densely populated area. About many of the mines the government has set up temporary barracks where thousands of miners are housed.

In the more picturesque and less crowded spots of the Ruhr the overlords of industry have reared their villas and spacious homes; but a distinctive leisure class, an idle rich, like the groups conspicuous in Charlottenberg, Dresden or Wiesbaden, is not found. Hundreds are here who have retired, but they are the aged and pensioned workmen, dozing comfortably in the clean, cozy colonies built for them in cities like Essen.

A tiny speck on the map is this heated, smoking, Ruhr, but big, like a cinder, in the world's eye—a spot that Caesar knew, a high spot in a region old in history.

HELPED OUT MOTHER NATURE

Venetian Women Went to Some Pains to Acquire Hair of Tint Greatly Admired.

Some ungallant bookworm has dug up a scandal that Sappho was bald. There are not wanting grounds for the suspicion that Queen Elizabeth's red wig concealed a nude scalp.

As for the thrice lovely Mary Queen of Scots, she actually wore a wig when she went to have her head cut off, and she left a suspiciously large collection of wigs behind her.

The lovely and naughty Queen Margot, wife of Henry IV, kept a train of pages with yellow hair for the replenishment of her wigs.

How much trouble the Venetian women took to acquire the reddish hirsute tint that is admired in the pictures of Titian may be judged from this account written by an Italian chronicler in 1589:

"The houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood, resembling a turret without a roof. At the base these lodges or boxes are formed of masonry and covered with a cement of sand and lime to protect them from the rain. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen as often as, and indeed oftener than, in their chambers; it is there that, with their heads exposed to the full ardor of the sun, during whole days they strain every nerve to augment their charms.

"Seated there, they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth. They wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown so that the hair, drawn through the opening, may be spread upon the borders; this hat doing double duty as a drying line for the hair and a parasol to protect the head and face."

And consider the Roman matrons who used to blondine their "crowning glory" with a mess of decomposed leeches.

The Rural Appeal.

To be out of doors is the normal condition of the natural man. At some period of our ancestral life, so dim in our thought but so potential in our temper, disposition and physique, we have all lived, so to speak, in the open air; and although city-born and city-bred we turn to the country with an instinctive feeling that we belong there. There are a few cockneys to whom the sound of Bow Bells is sweeter than the note of the bluebird, the resonant clarion of chanticleer or the far-off bleating of sheep; but to the immense majority of men these noises are like sounds that were familiar in childhood. I have sometimes thought that the deepest charm of the country lies in the fact that it was the home and playground of the childhood of the race, and, however long some of us have been departed from it, it stirs within us rare memories and associations which are imperishable. The lowing of the cattle coming home at nightfall; the bleating of sheep on the hillside pastures; the crowing of the cock, are older than any human speech which now exists. They were ancient sounds before our oldest histories were written. I know of nothing sweeter to the man who comes out of the heat and noise and dust of the city in midsummer.—H. W. Mabie.

Credulochemistry.

Of all the "scientific" titbits dished up by our newspaper chefs, none enjoys more perennial popularity than the discovery of the "lost art" of hardening copper. Only lately our foremost journals were devoting columns to the World war veteran who, finding in an ashcan some leaves of an old encyclopedia dealing with an ancient metallurgist and his success in hardening copper, fell to experimenting on his own account, with the result that his process was bought by Judge Gary for $1,000,000 in cash plus 2 cents per pound royalty. A modest and retiring denial subsequently appeared. For such newspaper crookery Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering suggests the apt name of credulochemistry, while the Engineering and Mining Journal intimates that the press might vary its menu by creating unbreakable glass for milk bottles and petrified wood for construction purposes. Certainly these would prove no less digestible than copper—even hardened copper.—Scientific American.

Had Good Reason for Smile.

John E. Milligan, chief clerk of the public utilities commission, breezed into his office Monday in high spirits. A broad smile adorned his face and he went about his work with the alacrity of a man who has just inherited a fortune.

His fellow-workers began to confer with one another as to the probable cause of the chief clerk's jubilation.

"I'll bet he just got a ton of coal," suggested one young statistician.

"Maybe he struck a gold mine out in his Maryland farm," another said.

Later in the day the truth leaked out. Milligan had become the papa of an eight-pound baby boy.—Washington Star.

Lifeboats on Rails.

Lifeboats arranged on deck on rails, so that they can be run to that part of the ship from which launching is possible, are features of the new steamship Mecklenburg, claimed to be the last word in safety ships, which has just made her initial trip between Folkestone and Flushing.

In many cases of disaster at sea it has been found impossible to launch all of the boats on a ship because of the list. By this new device this difficulty is said to be overcome.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

STRANGE BIRDS

"I am the Peach-Faced Love Bird," said one of the birds in the zoo.

And indeed he was well named. For his face was of a rosy peach color—just that color, in fact, of a luscious, delicious-looking peach.

He had green and blue feathers as his back feathers, but his face was the most exquisite color of all.

"I come from South Africa," he said, "and I am considered a very rare love bird, if not one of the very rarest. That means that there aren't many of our kind.

"We're unusual—not to be seen often."

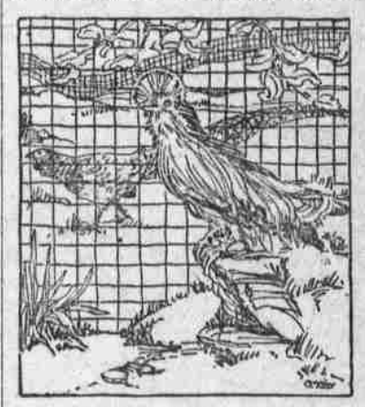
"And I'm the South African Ground Hornbill," said another yet strange bird. "I am black in color, but I have a kind of pouch—perhaps you would call it a puffed-out cravat—of a tomato-red color.

"Quite unusual it is. It is under my beak where a cravat should be, were I wearing a cravat.

"When I am in the free state I eat insects and snakes and small animals.

"You see I have a varied diet as one might say. Yes, I don't eat just one thing. I like a lot of different things to eat.

"You know my name means something. It means I like the ground, and



"Some Can Look Wise."

care more for the ground than I do for the air.

"Of course, the air is around the ground, too, but I am sure you know what I mean. I like being upon the ground and I do not care about being up in the air.

"Surely that is clear."

"I," said the Concave-Casqued Hornbill, "am a cousin bird to my neighbor Ground Hornbill. I have a yellow beak and a long yellow neck, and I have black feathers with touches of buff and yellow.

"My back is certainly very long. Yes, look at it all you want to—I do not mind, in the least. While you are staring at my long beak and head, I can stare at the people with their small noses and mouths, such small ones as they have.

"The Mrs. Concave-Casqued Hornbills lay from one to two white eggs in a hollow tree. Then we plaster up the entrance with clay leaving a little wee, narrow slit through which we can feed our mates.

"The Mrs. Concave-Casqued Hornbills are imprisoned in the trees until the eggs are hatched, but that means that they will be safe and the eggs will be safe, and we make sure of feeding them.

"Anyway it is our custom. And so is it the custom of the Malayan Hornbill family. They have pink-and-buff touches—quite pretty!

"And they have black feathers and pale yellow beaks."

"I'm Cock-of-the-Rock, a nice name," said the next bird neighbor in the zoo.

"I'm from Guiana. I have a fine crown or comb upon the top of my head of orange.

"In fact, I am all orange in color.

"They say that there is hardly any bird anywhere so vivid and bright in coloring as I am.

"In fact, I don't believe they know of any bird wearing a brighter suit.

"Isn't it handsome?

"It is so gay and so beautiful an orange color. Yes, you would notice me anywhere.

"I often open my mouth as though I were going to say something wise, and I don't say anything at all.

"I hope that people will think I'm wise by my doing this. You know how some can look wise, and as though they were going to say something smart and clever and bright, and yet they never do.

"Still they give the idea they're clever because they give the idea they're always going to say something so clever and people almost imagine they have said something worth hearing.

"That is the way I want to look. And I can help myself along by being so bright in color, so gay and so brilliant in plumage.

"Outside you will see Lady Amherst Pheasant. I hear she dropped a fine feather of golden and brown and that it was given to a visitor to the zoo who is prizing it highly. Well, I don't object to that."

Teddy's Regret.

Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mother—You see now how wrong it is to fight, don't you, dear?

Teddy—You bet I didn't know till noon that his mother was going to give a party